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THE  
MISSIONARY LINK

FOR



THE

Woman's Union Missionary Society of America

FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

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OUR last issue of this year finds us with a great work stretching out before us, while its burdens rest on the few who have been spared in comparative health under the changes of a foreign climate. They plead with us that their hands may be strengthened by reinforcements. The message comes earnestly to all; who will respond—who will go abroad—who will give?

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

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REPORTS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES.

**INDIA—Calcutta.**

*Extracts of Letters from MISS BRITTAN.*

PRECIOUS FRUIT.

Our Bible-reader, Chundra, has been with us nearly ten years, and is a true believer in Christ. She is no eye-servant, but does her duty faithfully. She has far more European notions and ideas than any other native I ever met with. When I first came to this country, I found Chundra in the Scottish Orphanage. Then she could only speak a few words of English, but I took pains to teach her our language. She learned to love me very dearly, and

has shown much gratitude. She did not marry until she was much older than is the custom for native girls. Her husband was a widower with three or four children, and his first wife's mother gives Chundra much trouble. Her husband is a quiet, good man, away from home often on missionary tours, and this old woman will not allow his children to obey or listen to Chundra.

Chundra wanted to make her will, so that in case of her death her children and the little property she had would not fall into the hands of this woman. I never knew a native willing to make a will before. I told her that as a married woman she could not make her will; but she replied that her husband had said if she would make it, he would write underneath that it was with his perfect consent.

Her husband allows her to take the money she earns as a teacher and put it in the Savings Bank. So she came, bringing me the bank-book to take care of.

In the first house to which Chundra took me, lives a rich widow, who has two little children. She has found the benefit of being taught, as she can now attend to her own business. She is anxious to progress with her English, so that she can decipher English documents concerning her business. Think what a vast change this from what it was twelve years ago.

#### A STRAY WAIF.

Another of our native teachers is supposed to have been picked up in the streets about eighteen years ago, was carried into the Baptist Mission Orphanage, and has there been trained and educated. We do not generally dare to send an unmarried girl to teach in the zenanas, but this one is old, and being a little deformed, she can go with safety. She understands Bengali very well, and can read English, though she cannot speak it. She is a good-natured woman, and is, I believe, a true Christian, so that I trust she will be useful in her work. May she point many a poor Hindoo woman to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

#### LABORIOUS LIFE OF NATIVE TEACHERS.

Oogala, another native teacher, is the daughter of a Christian.



She remained at the Mission School of the Church of England until she was sixteen ; then she married a market gardener.

His health has been failing for some time, so they are dependent on the money she earns as a zenana teacher. I feel very much for our native teachers ; they work very hard, and receive very little pay. They are generally up at daylight to wash and dress their children and prepare their breakfast, which invariably consists of curry and rice. The rice is in the husk when they buy it, so that it has to be hulled, winnowed, sifted, and picked before it can be eaten. They have to go some distance for water. They come here to their class with me at ten o'clock. At eleven they start for their zenana work, teach all day, reach their homes a little after six, and prepare for their evening meal in the same way as in the morning.

Bella, another teacher, had likewise Christian parents, and was brought up in the same school with Oogala. She reads English very well, but is hardly able to speak it. She looks very young, but has been married twelve years, and her husband is, I fear, a poor, worthless fellow.

These poor native women not only have just escaped from idolatry, but still see it everywhere about them.

#### DIFFICULTIES IN EDUCATION.

In the first house I visited with the native teacher, Susannah, there were two learning, the eldest Bo or daughter-in-law of the house, and the eldest daughter. They are both very lovely and tolerably good scholars. The daughter is about eleven years old, but her husband is in the country, so she is allowed, while he is away, to remain at her mother's house. The child is delighted at this, not only because she has far more liberty, but at her mother's house she can continue her studies with the teacher she loves. This child began in one of our little schools when she was only five years old, and she loves to read and study. Perhaps you think if this child went to school at five years of age, she ought to be a very good scholar by this time ; but you have no idea what it is for girls to get an education in this country. It is indeed the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

If a little girl is allowed to go to school at about five years of age, she will attend on an average twice or three times a week, for either she is sick, or there is a death or marriage in the house; when the little girl stops learning for a month or two. Then the festivals to the different gods make the interruptions most frequent. At seven years old, or a little later, a girl is married, and after this she can no longer attend school; but if taught at all, it must be in the zenanas. This is very up-hill work, for she is made to spend more than half her time at her husband's house. So if she learns at her mother's house for a few months and is progressing, she is suddenly sent to her husband. By the time she returns, she has, of course, forgotten almost all she knew.

We next went to the house of two widowed sisters, who seemed delighted to see us. One of them reads her Bible. The other is not so far advanced, but they know well the way of salvation through Christ, whether they believe it or not.

#### CAUSE OF DISCOURAGEMENT.

Our work is one of faith, both to ourselves and our native teachers. The constant change of pupils is a sad trial to us, for frequently as soon as they are able to read well, and to do a little fancy-work, they stop learning. Then we have to begin afresh with new pupils; but we try that every pupil shall have a tolerable knowledge of the Bible, and a clear view of the way of salvation through Christ Jesus. We always leave with them such books as will teach them this. So this may perhaps be God's way of having the seeds of Divine truth scattered broadcast over the land. Were each woman to continue to learn much longer, of course, in the long run, far fewer would be taught to read, and thus far fewer would have the Word of God in their own hands. Still, as you see, it is to us often a sad trial of faith; because as one of our pupils is beginning to understand true Christianity, and to have a little love to the Saviour, then our work with her has to cease; and all we can do is to pray that God the Holy Spirit will water the seed sown with the dews of His grace, and that it may some day spring up, though man may not know how.



## FAITH IN ANCESTORS.

One morning we visited a large house where one woman, who can read Bengali very well, is just beginning to learn English, and two little girls are learning Bengali. There were from twenty to thirty women and young girls standing about, and I asked why more of them did not learn? They answered, "Because you will not teach us unless we learn your Holy Books, and the Babus said we shall not, but must believe everything just as our ancestors have before us." I asked them if they did not believe in one great God the Creator? They said they believed in one great god, Brahma, but it was too much work, too much trouble for him to create all things, so he had given the work of creation to some of the inferior deities, and each one of these deities had some particular attribute of divinity, power, or gift in his possession which the others did not have. Therefore it is that one of these gods will perform Poojah, or worship the other, that he may obtain something which he does not possess.

I tried to explain to these women that their ancestors knew no better. I said, "When your ancestors wanted to go to Benares, they had to go by ox-wagons, and oftentimes would be two months traveling. Now we can go by rail in eighteen hours. You do not think you are obliged to go by an ox-wagon now because your ancestors went that way? The English have taught you a better way; and so we want to teach you a better way to heaven." It was of no use; they seemed very bigoted. But as one woman is going to learn, others may come and listen, and thus some good may be done.

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*Extract of a Letter from MISS HARRISS.*

## HEART-FELT APPRECIATION.

Last week I went to visit some pupils who had given up learning, about three or four months ago, on account of the death of a brother, of small-pox. The mother gave me a warm welcome, and on my saying I loved the girls, and would like to see them, and asked would they not begin to learn? she said, "And do they not love you? They say, When shall we see our teacher again? it

is so long since we saw her face." She then sent for them, and their faces beamed with delight as I took their hands. They assured me they remembered what I had taught them, and had given up serving false gods.

It is gratifying to receive these proofs of affection, and leads one to hope that they may learn to love our Saviour. The father is a Brahmin, and is not, I think, aware of the daughters' unbelief in their idols. I trust God will influence his heart, that he may not forbid my going to his house.

In one of the most common and dirty streets of Calcutta, whose region may be imagined by the name, "Thieves' Garden," lives a woman whose daughters I have been teaching for some time. For the last two years she has been suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, and is not able to rise from her bed. She always listens attentively while her daughters receive their instruction, and has urged the dear girls to trust in Jesus. Their poor suffering mother has tried many doctors, but none can do her any good. I gave her the leaflet, "Come to Jesus," which has been translated into Bengali. The next week I said, "Bo, have you read the book I gave you?" "Oh, yes, and it is beautiful!" Miss Woodward has promised when she has finished her work to come and talk to her. Having a faithful interpreter, this she is able to do. I think this a case of special interest, and ask your prayers that she may receive Jesus as her Saviour and die in the full assurance of a triumphant resurrection. Her daughters are very bright, learning grammar, geography, and an advanced reader. They appear to like their Bible-lessons, and I am hoping they are not far from the kingdom of God.

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*Extract of a Letter from MISS WOODWARD.*

A DYING WOMAN'S FAITH.

In a recent visit, the daughter of a Bo that is an invalid came down and bade me come up to her. I was glad I did so, for, lying on the floor, with nothing but a piece of matting under her, and a pillow, was an interesting woman of twenty-seven years old. For ten years she had been an invalid with rheumatism. It

seemed to cheer her to have me talk to her, for her sweet face and moistened eyes bespoke Christ in her heart. I believe she is one of His dear children. I read and explained a few verses of John sixth, and asked her if she loved to think about Christ. "Yes," she replied, "Jesus is true." "Do you pray to idols?" "No; since I learned the Bible I do not." "I am glad you love Jesus; He loves you, and will not let you suffer always. He has a bright home for you." Tears filled her eyes, and she spoke sweetly of dear Miss Chase, who she said was in Heaven.

#### SCHOOL WORK.

My first school had to be broken up, not finding a suitable place to hold it in. Once I found the door of our little room locked, and waited in vain to see it opened. I sent for the Babu to inquire the reason. He said his son did not wish the room used, and showed me several other places; one or two open verandas, where sun would burn and rain deluge. He offered me the corner of his office filled with papers, where were two Babus writing, and others going in and out. We were weary before our work began. Nineteen little souls were seated there, and we got along as best we could until 3 P. M.

Miss Brittan went to see the Babu the next morning, but he would not give us the room, so she had to close the school, although it was hard to give up these little souls.

I have two schools now. The one in Simla up to the present week has been held in a third-story room. Although the attendance is small, yet it is a promising little school, the children are so attentive; I was delighted to see them enjoy their sewing. I made a proposition to both schools the other day which they liked, and thus far it works very well. They are to give me a pise a month for needles and thread, and I am to supply the patch-work, and for general good attention and the committal of Scripture, the children are to have a picture at the end of every three months.

*Extracts of Letters from MISS SUNDER.*

## SUPERSTITIONS.

A sick man whom I had taken to the hospital was willing to acknowledge the Christian religion to be true, but totally declined to accept Christ for his Saviour, on the plea of being too old. After lingering about a week he died, and no relatives being present, his body was removed by some men belonging to the lowest caste. This was considered a great indignity, and an entrance into Heaven denied by it. So to remedy this they prepared a form of straw, slew a kid over it, and then put it on a funeral pyre. I thought this a very fitting opportunity to speak a few words to them on the falseness of their religion. They say they quite agree with all we say, but how can they give up all the practices their forefathers have instituted?

“THEY SHALL BE ALL TAUGHT OF GOD.”

I visit a dear little woman whose husband (like many other Bengalis whose religion has not gone hand in hand with education) is fond of drink; consequently sometimes I have no access to her; but I believe she loves the Lord Jesus and has taken Him for her Saviour. She has many home trials, and it must be difficult for her to practice the religion of Jesus, surrounded as she is with a heathen household. She told me she was half a Christian, and I tried to impress on her that Christ would not accept a divided heart. I presented her with a Bible on the promise that she would read, if it were only a verse a day. I endeavored to make her understand the efficacy of prayer, and to take her husband to God in prayer.

Our work is increasing very rapidly. I opened a new school on a fine wide road in a large room, and employed a Christian teacher, Jessie by name.

The first day three children came, the following week ten, three days after twenty-two, and last week thirty, with promises of a dozen more. They are mostly girls from five to thirteen years of age, who seem bright and desirous of learning.

I visit on Wednesdays a woman who, as far as I have seen her, and as much as she tells me, I have full hope of meeting at the

Master's feet. Follow me in imagination down a long gully, about the centre of which I come near a shop, and alongside of it a narrow door-way, through which I have to pass. This leads me to a small court, in a very dilapidated state. To my left I have a steep staircase to go up, and I land on a narrow veranda which leads me to the only room on the floor. At one end is the bed, so high that your feet do not rest on the ground. At the other end a broken chest of drawers, with a broken chair. On the dirty walls there are about six pictures, and over the bed there are two shelves full of tin and mud toys, the native women's play-things. I believe there are about eight women in the house, but only the one I go to learn. She is very gentle and shy in her manners, and one has to exercise the greatest patience in instructing her, as she is very slow to understand; but if she succeeds in grasping a thought, it is fixed in her mind. This poor woman has a very unhappy time at home, as her mother-in-law has a very bad temper, and her husband has partially lost his mind, thus making life a burden to him. She greatly enjoys singing, and the greatest rebuke for bad lessons is the absence of a hymn at the end of a lesson.

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*Extracts of Letters from MISS GHOSE.*

My work has been progressing as usual, and is growing more and more interesting, especially as a great many of my pupils have been teaching for two or three years, and I have watched their progress. I have now a very interesting school in a little village out of town, and I like it more and more each time I go there. The children learn their lessons beautifully, and take an interest in everything they have to do. They even learn more than I have time to hear; and if I omit anything, the little things look so disappointed. It is also a great pleasure to instruct the teacher. When she first began teaching she could scarcely read the "Second Book," but as she begged very hard she was allowed to try, and has improved very much. I wish all our teachers and their pupils were like her, by great perseverance conquering every difficulty.



**ALLAHABAD.***Extracts of Letters from MISS RODERICK.***ENCOURAGEMENT.**

IN my visit to the zenanas yesterday, I met an old pupil who had been away from the city for a year. She is going to live here now, and is anxious to be taught again. We seldom find that a woman who has once been taught neglects the means of instruction when it is again offered to her.

One of my pupils was greatly opposed to Christianity, and when she first wished to learn, she asked to be excused from reading any of our religious books. But finding that we would not teach secular things, she consented to learn, and now is instructed in the Bible-lessons, and during the vacation reads the "Peep of Day" by herself.

We have lost one of our girls from the school by marriage with a man who has discarded his first wife because she is dark and ugly. His mother, who is a widow, has encouraged him in it. He is willing that this scholar should be taught in her new home.

There was one poor child in our school who, when she found her parents negotiating about a husband for her, declared that she would not be married until she was sixteen; but as girls in this country are not allowed to act for themselves, her opinion was thought of no consequence. She was made to marry at the early age of ten years.

**A ZENANA KITCHEN.**

A zenana kitchen is a most important part of a dwelling-house. The place is always clean, and great care is taken to keep it so by daily smearing the floor and walls with a mixture of fuller's earth, which makes the whole place of a dull, gray color. One corner of the room is dug eight inches deep for an oven, and three conical projections are placed so as to form an angle round the hole. The food is cooked in brazen vessels of different shapes and sizes. Earthen vessels stand about the room containing the monthly supply of rice and a basket to hold the fresh vegetables, which

are bought every day either from the market or from the mongers, who take a good supply to the different zenanas.

Most of the zenana ladies cook for their households. When they are engaged in cooking they use a seat not higher than three inches from the ground. The art of cooking is considered a great accomplishment among Bengali ladies.

The women devote the rest of their time to braiding their hair and gossiping ; but those who learn with us are exceptions to the general rule, because they have their books and needle-work to fill up the spare moments.

#### RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.

As the Hindus believe in " gods many and lords many," their heavens and hells are as innumerable. Of the former they have twenty-four, and each one differing in degrees of happiness ; of the latter, upwards of that number. One is described as the hell of darkness ; a second, where the condemned is beaten with clubs ; a third, where he is bitten by dogs ; another, where his flesh is torn to pieces by ravenous birds. Then there is the hell of burning oil, and the hell of thorns. But no one among the Hindus need fear the torments of these places, for a bath in the Ganges is supposed to cleanse them from all their sins, and admit them, after death, to one of the abodes of bliss. If, by the omission of this act, any are sent to the place of misery, after a certain period, according to the laws of transmigration, they are again allowed to revisit the earth.

Brahma, the Creator, is represented as having four heads, so as to be capable of looking on all sides of the world at the same time. He is everlasting, perfect in knowledge, unchanging, and self-existent. Brahma has also four hands—in one of which he holds a book emblematic of the Veda ; and in the other, articles such as strings of beads, etc., which are held in great veneration by the Hindus. But, with all his attributes, he is not almighty ; for when he first thought of forming man, he wept exceedingly at his inability to create one. Siva, the Destroyer, came to his assistance, but found that his creative power could only be employed in forming demons. After seeing Siva's failure, he made a few more

attempts, and his patience and perseverance were rewarded by being able to create himself into a man and woman. The Hindus believe that, in process of time, man degenerated into the lower animals, and so all sorts of creatures were produced.

Siva is represented as being of white color, with a necklace of shells around his neck; his dress of tigers' skins, with a head-gear formed of serpents. In his hand he holds a battle-axe, emblematic of his office as a destroyer. Siva has three eyes, the third being in the centre of his forehead. There is a story connected with this eye, showing that he was not always the possessor of it. It seems that when he had only two, his wife Parvati, in fun, covered them for a moment with her hands, which caused darkness to cover the whole universe for the space of a hundred years—for a moment with the gods is considered by the Hindus as an age with men. The darkness caused great consternation on the earth, for even the sun and moon lost their brightness. At this juncture Siva produced a third eye, to the great relief of our poor globe; but the exertion was so great that the perspiration poured in a torrent from his brows, which formed the great river Ganges.

There are other stories about the origin of the river equally absurd, but they are as sacred to the Hindus as the Scripture truths are to us.

#### STORIES IN SACRED POETRY.

Some of the old women in the zenanas are very fond of reading the Ramayan and Mahabharat, although they do not understand a word of it, because they are written in Sanscrit. They are both in verse, and are supposed by the Hindus to be only a fragment of the poems that were once recited in the assembly of the gods. I will give you a story as a specimen of those contained in these poems.

Indra, the king of the gods, killed a Brahmin, and knowing that he would be severely punished for this gross sacrilege, hid himself in a lake from the eye of justice. Everything in the heavens and earth were thrown in a sad state of confusion at the non-appearance of the monarch; so the gods besought Naheesha, a virtuous king, to fill the vacant throne, and order was again

preserved. But after a while he grew dissipated and gave himself up to low vices, and to all the remonstrances of the gods he made answer that he was no worse than his predecessor, against whom they had never said a word. At last Indrani, the wife of Indra, went in search of her husband, with the hope of getting him to dispossess his rival. She found him on the stem of a lotus in the bottom of the lake; but he was too much afraid to go back, because the devotions of Naheesha had gained him power which could not be overthrown except the possessor of it were to commit some heinous crime. Indrani, receiving the knowledge from her husband, returned to the suargee, or heaven, with a plan to overthrow the merits of Naheesha. She accordingly persuaded him to have Brahmins carry his palanquin, a thing which was never done by any of the other gods. A thousand Brahmins were immediately ordered to devote themselves to this degrading service. This made them, in a revengeful spirit, ask a question of him regarding some of the sacrifices, to which he answered in opposition to their views of the case. He happened at the same time to touch one of the Brahmins on the head with his foot, which so enraged him that he exclaimed, "Fall, thou serpent!" and in the form of one, Naheesha continued to crawl for ten thousand years. This caused the throne to be vacant once more, and Indra prepared himself to fill it by making a sacrifice to Vishnu.

Although the Brahmins instruct the people in these legends, yet they are often quite ignorant of them, or know them very imperfectly.

#### QUIET DEVOTIONS.

In the zenanas the women have each a version of her own about these fables. The poojahs, or idol worship, is performed by silently moving around the image and repeatedly bowing their heads on their folded hands. A short prayer is taught by the Brahmins to the women, who whisper it into their ears, so that no one but the woman who is being taught should hear it, for they are considered so sacred that they may not be repeated except to their gods. Poor women! I have often seen them whisper their meaningless



prayers, for they are usually learned in Sanscrit, to their sacred Tulee tree, or to one of their numerous household gods.

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*Extracts of Letters from MISS SMITH.*

RESUMING WORK.

It is very pleasant to see how some of these women love us, and it is very encouraging to meet a bright smile and a hearty welcome. Our children have been quite impatient for school to reopen, and one of my Bos said, "My niece does not like holidays at all, and is delighted to get back to school, and says she is always happy there."

Many of my pupils have been ill during the vacation, and one of my favorites is dead. She was a good, gentle woman, and was loved by all. A widowed friend in her house had occasion to send to me for some books, and told the servant to inform me of the Bo's death. I have been to see her aunt and friend, but as yet they will not read, they seem so very sad. The aunt told me that the Babu is looking out for another wife, and is soon to be married to a young girl who used to attend our school.

I teach one woman who is extremely grateful to me for visiting her; and, as a regular thing, when I shake hands with her and wish her good-bye, she says, "Don't forget me."

I visit in one house where the Babu is employed in the High Court, draws a large salary, and is able to live in a very good bungalow, furnished in English style. I teach the Bo in the drawing-room, and it is surprising to see how very clean she keeps everything, and the pleasure she takes in doing so. She is rather an elderly woman, and though she tries hard to learn, is very slow with her lessons and work. She has a carriage, in which she drives out every day, and she even goes to the stand where the band plays; and when her husband is invited out to tea, I believe she accompanies him. Her dress is a little different from that of other zenana ladies. She wears a robe of shirting muslin down to her ankles, and over that a *saree*, which looks much better than those usually worn. You may be surprised to hear of a Bengali living so, but the Babu does not believe in the Hindu religion, and



is therefore put out of caste. But I am sorry to say he does not believe in Christianity either. He is an intelligent man, and likes to argue on the subject ; but it is only for the sake of the argument and not from any wish to learn the truth.

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*Extracts of Letters from MISS ANTHONY.*

DAILY OCCURRENCES.

Some of my pupils have been diligent enough to prepare the lessons I had set them during the holidays, but most of them have been idle. My Hindi pupils especially had not touched their books, though they said they had been anxiously looking for my return.

Yesterday, while with one of my pupils, two women living near, sent for me. They said they did not want to learn, but only wished to look at me. One of them is able to read and write, but the other one knows nothing. They are both anxious to have their little girls learn ; so I have made arrangements for them to go to another house and be taught with others, as I have not the time to take them alone.

The jewelry that the women wear is astonishing. Their ears are bored all over, in about nine or ten places, and the hole in the lobe of the ear is so large that an English shilling can be passed through it. Their feet, neck, and arms are covered with ornaments, which are all of silver. Those on the feet make a tinkling noise, like to little bells, whenever they move. What attracted my attention was a ring worn on the thumb, with a looking-glass on it about six or seven inches in circumference, set in silver.

A Hindustani woman came to one of my houses yesterday while I was teaching, and said she wished to hear me sing. I very willingly sung to her, and after the hymn, spoke to her about it.

On Wednesday my Bo said to me, "It was the anniversary of the birth of Krishto ; why did you not all keep it ?" I asked, "Why should we ?" She answered, "Because your Jesus and our Krishto are exactly the same, so they must be the same per-

son." I showed her how different their characters were. This Krishto was a very bad character. His name being similar to that of Christ, many women assert them to be one and the same.

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*Extract of Letter from MISS LATHROP.*

[Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.]

The following letter was received too late for the September LINK:

*June 14.*—Four weeks ago to-night, Miss Seelye, Miss Ward, Miss Hatchell, Miss Kimball, and myself left Calcutta for a short sojourn in the hills. The heat in Calcutta was so great it was thought best to take a month's holiday now, instead of two weeks, as formerly. Miss Ward and I could not go to Allahabad before July; we therefore very quickly made up our minds to come to Mussoorie; Miss Seelye came too, hoping to break up a troublesome fever which had been hanging about her for some time. We all reached here the evening of May 21st. Miss Seelye's fever had quite left her on the way up. The next morning, after going to our boarding place, Miss Seelye took a very long walk; when she came in she told me her fever had returned during the night. All day she was feverish and tired, but we fancied it was more due to her too vigorous exercise than to any other cause. Wednesday as the day wore on her fever increased, and Miss Ward persuaded her to send for a physician. Before leaving Calcutta, one in whom we have the greatest confidence recommended a Dr. Garden if we should need any one. When Dr. Garden came on Thursday morning he told us Miss Seelye was very ill, and that he feared she had many weary days of fever before her. We hoped he was mistaken, but time proved he was not. From that time until she left us on the morning of Wednesday, June 9th, we underwent continual alternations of hope and fear. We could not believe we were so soon to be stricken again, and that another one so valuable, around whom clustered so many bright hopes, would be taken away. Much of the time, especially at night, she was delirious, but in her rational moments she ever showed a sweet spirit of resignation. She was more than willing to go if the

Master called. Toward the last her mind was more clouded, only occasionally being clear enough to speak for more than a moment or two on any subject. On Sunday, after I had read at her request the 21st chapter of Revelations she spoke brightly of the New Jerusalem, and said she longed to be there. She asked Miss Ward to sing to her, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "The Sweet By-and-By," and said, "How sweet." She was most patient through all her illness. I never knew her to omit her pleasant "Thank you," when we gave her anything, even though it was the most nauseous draught. From two o'clock until she closed her eyes at 9:45, the sixteenth day of her illness, she had not a ray of consciousness; so there were no last words, no messages for far-away friends. We needed no dying testimony to assure us it was well with her. The Lord had called His own child away, and while we mourn a vacant place, we rejoice for her that she sees the King in His beauty, and her eyes behold the land that when far away she loved to dwell upon as her heavenly inheritance.

It was a grief to us that we were away from the Home during this time of sadness, but we feel that she suffered far less here, in the cool, pure mountain air, than she would have done on the plains, where the heat just now is intense. Our hearts ache for the dear home-circle in America. God give them grace to bear this blow, and may they be enabled to say from the heart, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

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THE British government report of education among women in India, states: "In Bengal and the North-west progress is very slow, and the dead slumber of ignorance shrouds the women. In Madras and Mysore, the Hindus are seeking instruction for their daughters. There are about 1,640 girls' schools in India, and 57,000 girls receiving some sort of education."

**CHINA—Peking.***Extracts of Letters from Miss NORTH.*

## CARE OF HEATHEN CHILDREN.

*Aug. 12.*—A harrowing case of heathenism occurred in a family living close by the temple, where we were staying during our vacation. A son was born, and was esteemed a great treasure, as a daughter would not have been. As it was an only son, the family resolved to secure all possible means for its life and health. Accordingly, on the third day, a small round spot was burned in the skin on the top of the head where the hair might never grow. Its ears were pierced, its skin pricked in various parts. An inked thread was drawn through the skin of the nose between the eyes, and the end of the right little finger cut off. In a day or two the boy was taken with convulsions; and when about a week old, being very low, and satisfied that the little one could not live, they buried it before it was dead, thinking it better for the mother to have it out of the way as soon as possible, as she was nearly frantic with grief.

These particulars were given us by a woman of the family, to show us how they had spared no pains to preserve the child's life and health. We told her that the means used were enough to give the child convulsions without any other cause. The burial of a child, even of some years, is of no account. It is, perhaps, wrapped in a piece of matting, and, in the country, a hole is dug in the ground; anywhere will do, to cover it out of sight.

## THOUGHTS OF THE SICK.

You have no doubt heard how ill Lansing has been, and that she accompanied Miss Douw to Chefoo as a last expedient for her recovery. She has been very ill since she went there, but I feel very confident that she will recover. Two or three days before she left, we had a special meeting of prayer for her recovery, also for a theological student. A few Chinese Christians and missionaries gathered in Mr. McCoy's parlor and claimed the promises. I have been strongly impressed of late that the Church has sadly forgotten the "assembling of themselves together" for their

sick members whose lives are in danger or given up. Our other scholars are all well, and continuing their studies.

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*Extract of a Letter from MISS COLBURN.*

The vacation weeks have passed, and the school is again in session. Four of the children remained with us, and the rest were boarded, as heretofore, at their homes. The heat has been excessive, but we have been able to pursue our studies. It was a satisfaction that, when left to our own resources, we were not compelled to omit family worship. Having committed the Lord's Prayer, and learned some familiar hymns in Chinese, we were able to lead devotions.

Miss Burnett and myself have commenced reading in turn at our morning service.

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A DWARF who attended the services of an English missionary in China, "began to tell to others what he had heard." A young man who listened attentively through a hole in the wall of a neighboring house, learned of the chapel and went there. Soon after, he determined to keep the Sabbath, and this he did for about two months; after which his father-in-law and friends, suspecting that he was becoming imbued with "the false doctrines" prohibited his attending the services. Finding mere prohibitions vain, they forcibly prevented him every Sunday; sometimes binding him with ropes. But the young fellow managed to get to the chapel on the week nights, and for some time escaped detection; this too was discovered and he was beaten. Still he remained firm, determining at all hazards to adhere to the things he had heard; so at last they turned him out of doors. "No matter," he said, "when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." And thus it proved; for finding his way to the chapel on that dark night, the preacher received him gladly. "Now," he said, "I'm blessed; I am where I can hear the truth continually." He has been steadfast since in his belief in the Christian religion.



**JAPAN—Yokohama.***Extracts of Letters from MRS. PRUYN.*

“HE MAKETH THE LAME TO WALK.”

As I sat yesterday at the little table on the platform, and looked upon the interested, happy faces singing “Around the Throne of God in Heaven,” I could not help wishing that the friends in the dear home-land, who have felt so desirous of our prosperity, and whose kind gifts have proved their willingness to do their part in strengthening and establishing this school, could have shared with me the happiness that sight afforded. The number of pupils in the Sabbath-school does not increase very rapidly, averaging now fifty-two; but the order is greatly improved, and the results, as known in the appreciation of the Bible-lessons, are most encouraging. Of course, a large proportion of our scholars are permanent residents in the family, and as our daily instructions are in harmony with the Bible-lesson, it is quite impossible to separate the work, and tell how much is the effect of the teaching on the Lord’s day.

But there are several instances directly connected with our Sabbath-work that are deeply interesting and most precious to us. I cannot give more than one; but if only this case should meet us in eternity, we will never cease praising God for the power of this Sunday-school.

One of the teachers, whose acquaintance with the language enables her to talk freely with the people, is in the habit of going out just before the school-hours, and visiting in a little village near us, and by talking a while, and interesting those into whose houses she goes, she has induced quite a number of young women and girls to come with her to the Sunday-school.

Among these was a blind woman, of whom Mrs. Pierson wrote you some time since, and a friend of hers who had been lame for six years. The anxiety of the latter induced her to make the effort to walk, with fervent prayer that God would give her the power. Much to the astonishment of all who knew her, she was able to come to our Sabbath-school, and it was a most touching sight to see her come in leaning on the arm of her blind friend, to

whom she could be eyes, while the strong arm supported the tottering step.

It should not excite our wonder, for we know the same Power that caused the lame to walk in the cities of Judea, is still pledged for the help of His needy disciples. Yet it has seemed almost too much to believe that her recovery could be real and permanent ; but the dear Lord is rebuking our want of faith, as we see how she and others of these simple-minded believers ascribe it all to the power of Jesus in answer to prayer. All her friends who knew of her previous condition became interested to hear of the God she had found ; but none were so impressed as her own husband. Without being exactly opposed to Mrs. Pierson's coming there, at first he was entirely sceptical in the truths of Christianity.

Her recovery, however, made a deep impression upon him ; the more so, because in the beginning of her sickness they had made so many expensive offerings and journeys to various idols in order to procure from them relief. Now he was desirous to learn of the God who could do such wondrous things, and came to Mrs. Pierson to ask many interesting questions. Hour after hour he spent in Joki-chi's little house, listening, while he read the Scriptures, and learned the way of salvation. Then he joined Miss Crosby's afternoon class, where Joki-chi is always present, to assist by interpreting the instructions. The result is, that he has come out into the full, "clear liberty of the sons of God," and next Sunday is to receive the ordinance of baptism.

#### EFFORTS FOR CHRIST.

To appreciate the greatness of this work of the Spirit, I must tell you something of this man's intellectual and social character. He is a person of small but independent means, and as he is able to give his time to the service of his new Master, he desires at once to do "something for Christ." He offers to come to the school and teach our children Japanese writing, a want we have sorely felt, but have hitherto been unable to supply. He is a person of superior education, a fine Chinese scholar, and, withal, being a man over fifty years of age, and of rather imposing ap-

pearance, he is calculated to exert a great influence upon others. His conversion has caused joy among the young men.

Nor is this the final result of this poor blind woman's conversion; for the son of this man is deeply interested in religious things, and there is every reason to believe that he will soon follow Jesus. And so the blessed influence goes on and on, and eternity alone will reveal the extent of what was wrought by means of the visit of our dear Sabbath-school teacher and her two young pupils on that blessed Sabbath afternoon.

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*Extracts of Letters from MRS. PIERSON.*

HOME-LONGINGS.

Three years of Eastern life have nearly passed away, and we have become so identified with the interests of the people, so well acquainted with their habits and characters, that everything has lost its first bloom, and seems old and real. Sometimes, like a flash of lightning, a picture rises before me of the dear homeland, till my eyes grow misty, and I look away to the home above, from which we are not separated by the ocean, but "by a narrow stream." Words are but feeble to portray the blessings and success of our work; and we are thankful to our Master for the power He is manifesting through His feeble instrumentalities.

Professor Clark, of Yedo, before he left this Empire, delivered a lecture before my scholars, on chemistry. I have a class in the Science Primer, the second of a series in chemistry. He illustrated the decomposition of water and air, and the power and uses of electricity. It was appreciated and enjoyed exceedingly by the older scholars. When these wonderful revelations lead their minds to the great Author of this glorious universe, they cannot fail to receive permanent impressions. This is the object of all our labors, and may the good Master strengthen every impression, and increase their numbers till many souls shall be brought to a saving knowledge of this God.

MISSIONARY TOUR.

HAKONE, Aug. 13, 1875.—While our late experience is fresh in my mind, I want to tell you about it. Last Saturday we

received a letter containing a request that we should visit Dai-ba Mura, as many persons there were wishing to hear about the worship of the true God. The letter also stated that some people from another province were waiting our reply. At last I felt that we must go, and could not resist the appeal. So we decided to leave early Monday morning, taking ample provisions for our journey and sojourn there. Sunday it began to rain, and it was pouring Monday morning, but I thought two miles down the mountain it might not rain, so on we went. A young native Christian wished to accompany us, but upon our departure was missing. We felt perfectly secure in our kajos, with only one curtain drawn, which gave us a partial view of the enchanting scenery through which we passed. Mountains and valleys, fresh and green in the Summer rain, were draped in their luxuriant garniture. Upon arriving at Sama Naka, the young Christian who intended to accompany us appeared just as suddenly, having arrived a little before. It was still raining, but not a thread of our clothing was wet; and upon leaving Sama Naka, the lovely rice fields, so soft and velvety in their peculiar tinting, were in charming contrast to the stern, dark mountains in the distance. At Nustana we were surprised and made merry by the mysterious appearance of another young native Christian from Sama Naka, waiting in the road to accompany us into the village. We had little opportunity to see it, as the flood-gates of Heaven were still open. Dai-ba Mura is not a beautiful village. Everywhere along the route the young bamboo groves were flourishing. Flowers of every description and hue bloomed in the lower gardens. Many splendid temples stood there, for Ephraim was joined unto his idols. We went immediately to a priest's house, next to a magnificent old temple, for there was no room in the hotel. Here our Japanese friends held a whispered consultation. We were undecided whether to go or stay there, but upon the priest's arrival were persuaded to remain. In the room which we occupied was a recess fitted up for idol-worship, with the accompanying charm to keep off evil spirits. But we knelt, and worshipping our God, prayed that that idol might be taken down and its owner be converted to the faith of our Lord Jesus. The first part of this



prayer was answered in less than one day. God grant that the last petition may receive its answer.

#### SUDDEN FLOOD.

That evening it poured, but about seventy persons assembled, and most earnestly we spoke to them from the heart and by the Spirit, of the Eternal Life, its Lord and Giver, and its fearful responsibilities. They lingered until very late, and being so fatigued, we were obliged to tell them that we would see them in the morning. We slept pretty well, and being refreshed with such things as we had, asked no questions for conscience' sake. A number of people gathered in the room quite unconscious of imminent danger. I had noticed the night before a beautiful boy about eighteen years old in the audience, his face and eyes glowing with interest and attention. He was there in the morning, and asked me many questions. At last he said, very solemnly, "Where is Heaven?" I had replied, when there came a rushing sound, and all started to their feet. The water had suddenly risen to a level with the floor, and all hands began packing up goods for a stampede. It was still pouring. The priest came back, and very kindly said, "Do not be frightened. I have a very strong store-house across the garden, and we can all retire to the upper story. The river is coming down, and we shall be flooded unless the rain ceases. But you must stay all night, for you cannot go." But I said, "We must go; it will not stop raining, and before morning we shall be obliged to flee to the mountains." So the young man tried to obtain kages; but no one would go with us, for the water was four feet deep. So we waited and prayed. We were all removed to the store-house, and the house where we had slept the night before was all dismantled, and the floors taken up. We knew not what to do. At last the young man went out and saw that the floods were rising, and we could hear the roaring of the rapid river coming nearer and nearer. It was certainly with trembling hearts we entered the boat, but with an unshaken confidence in our Great Deliverer. Our goods were wrapped in old matting and deposited in the boat, which was partially full of water. No pen can do justice to that scene. The lower stories of



many houses were full, for the water in the village was then *ten* feet deep. We picked up one poor Coolie struggling to reach his house, which was nearly submerged. Upon nearing the house he sprang into the water and disappeared, but we saw him climb into an upper window. Rice-fields, bamboo-groves, all were lost to view. Onio said, "It is like five broad rivers meeting in one wide, angry, rushing sea!" We floated over wrecks, past deserted houses, in danger of being caught by counter-currents. As we approached the river, our danger increased. Nothing could compare with the rapidity of that rushing current, and to keep out of its force, the boatman propelled us through the bamboo-groves standing above the water. Our imminent danger when in this grove, was that they might spring back and upset the boat, or that it might be swamped and carried, on the other hand, down by the torrent. So we passed in a zig-zag course from one grove to another, never launching out into the current, whose force was broken by the strong bamboos by which the boat was steadied. "Pray every moment," said Onio, "for we are in imminent danger." But I am glad the Lord kept us calm. I never, for one instant, doubted His loving care in all that fearful struggle with the mad waves. And then came a sweet answer to my soul, "When thou passest through the *water floods* I am with thee." But those brave young Christian men worked like heroes, and in their eagerness to keep the boat through the groves did not notice that the boat was half full of water. In the meantime, we had to work in order to keep from being swept out by the bamboos. We held fast to each other, and spoke not a word in that solemn, awful scene. At last the young man turned round, and, drawing a long breath, said, "*Thank God, we are safe!*" The rapids were past; and in a few minutes we stood on terra firma, dripping wet, and yet so grateful. It was the Lord, our Great Deliverer, to whom the praise was and is due. We soon arrived at comfortable quarters at Nushenie, where every attention was shown us. We never can thank those young men for their kindness. They cooked our supper, and waited on us in every wish. That night we had a meeting, and were glad to see the people earnest and attentive. They are the best Japanese at Nushenie that I have ever seen, so

many intelligent faces and noble-looking men. The next morning, being physically and mentally weary, we journeyed homeward. It had rained all that night, and we were told that not a vestige of Dai-ba Mura remained. Several other villages in the vicinity were destroyed, and the inhabitants fled in boats to the nearest mountains on their side of the river. But if some soul who heard the words of Life that night before the flood-gates were opened, believed and accepted the Saviour, who knows but their ransomed spirits rejoice in Heaven? I cannot regret our visit there. God revealed Himself to us in all His Omnipotence, and we consecrate the lives snatched from death anew to His service.

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*Extracts of Letters from MISS CROSBY.*

VACATION EXPERIENCE.

Miss Guthrie and I have been visiting Nagasaki and intermediate places. We had much rain while we were away, but yet had a pleasant tour. The sail through the inland sea, from Kobi to Nagasaki, is magnificent, beggaring description. Both of these ports are beautifully situated on fine bays, running in some distance from the sea. We were disappointed in not being able to go to Kioto, but as the Annual Exhibition had just closed before we arrived at Kobi, foreigners were no longer allowed to go beyond the ordinary treaty limits. We visited Osaka, however, which is one of the oldest cities in Japan, and was formerly the seat of government. It is claimed that their castles, of which but little beside the great walls and moats remain, were built eighteen hundred years ago.

On our return voyage we had a narrow escape from a serious accident. We ran ashore in a fog, and had the sea been rough, would in all probability have been wrecked. But a kind Providence preserved us, and we only suffered the delay of about sixteen hours, when they succeeded in getting the ship afloat, and we reached Yokohama late on Sabbath evening, instead of at daylight, as we had hoped. It was a way of celebrating the Fourth of July which we had not anticipated.

*Extracts of Letters from MISS MALTBY.*

## NEW EXPERIENCES.

I must tell you something of my new and delightful surroundings. I have begun my duties which I so much enjoy; also, the study of the language, in which I am exceedingly interested. I take my lesson from nine to eleven every day, and my teacher encourages me in my progress. I am pleased with everything and everybody, and I can truly say the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places. I trust this new year will be one of great usefulness and blessedness in the service of the Master. I see my Father's hand in every step I take, and I do not wish to take one alone.

Mrs. Pierson and I have recently returned from our Summer's trip to Hakone, a village some miles distant. We spent a month there very pleasantly, enjoyed many precious privileges, although in the heart of heathendom and idolatry. We took with us a young native Christian as protection, and he proved a great comfort to us, and a great blessing to his people, with whom he talked continually about the true God. Mrs. Pierson speaks the language readily, and was untiring in her labors among the people, who seem very much attached to her. I have learned to read the Japanese characters, and was able to unite in the singing of the hymns. Our experience this vacation has been wonderful, fearful, and precious, and we have seen the power and glory of God in His works as never before. We have returned refreshed and benefited, laden with rich experiences of God's goodness and mercy, and ready for the duties of a new year.

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WE are looking forward with great happiness to Mrs. Prun's speedy return home, and although the cause of this visit fills our hearts with apprehension, we cannot but hope her health may rapidly be restored in her native climate.

## Reports from Bible-Readers and Schools.

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### CHINA—Tung Chow.

*Letters from Pupils in the School of* MRS. CRAWFORD.

CHINESE girls are not in the habit of writing letters, as they really have no practice. The following are free translations, not adhering to the Chinese idiom :

Lucy writes : “ May ten thousand blessings be yours, and may the Heavenly Father protect you from all sorrow and disease. We are greatly indebted to you for sending money to aid in opening this school for Chinese girls, in which we may grow in knowledge and learn the true doctrines. In China there are only schools for boys ; girls are not taught, which is a very stupid arrangement. We, on this account, are still more grateful that you have aided to open this school, that through the grace of our Lord Jesus, we who sat in darkness might see the light. Foreign ladies have crossed the seas, through many dangers, to bring us the Gospel, otherwise darkness would still reign here.”

Martha adds : “ Many thanks for your kindness in remembering us, that we may acquire knowledge and know the true doctrine. My people also worship false gods, neglecting the true God, which is the height of stupidity. We pray for a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the earth, that all who hear the Word of Life may believe it, and enjoy everlasting bliss in the kingdom of heaven. Though I cannot hope to see your face in this life, I shall never cease to remember your great liberality, and will look forward to the time when we may see each other in the heavenly kingdom. I joined the church when fifteen, four years ago.”

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### INDIA—Dehra.

MISS CRAIG writes : “ Mittie Green ” has improved very much during the past two years. She now spends most of her time in teaching classes of the little ones, is very faithful to them, and

takes great pride in having them improve. Her influence in the school is so good, we think she is truly a Christian girl.

Extract of letter from Mittie Green to the lady who supports her :

“Many thanks for the money you so kindly sent to me. My teachers have thought of buying a sewing-box for me with it, as they think that will be better for me than anything that I can have to keep as a remembrance of you. I will be very much delighted with it, and more so to think that it is from some friends that have always been kind to me, in having me brought to a place where I have learned to love the Saviour, and know of His blessed work for us.

“Some months ago, a gentleman came to our school, and when we had assembled in the school-room, he stepped forward and gave us a very interesting lecture, which we all liked very much. He told us, too, that there were about five thousand people that had become Christians. How happy we all felt that people of our country felt that need of the Saviour, and had professed to be His disciples. But we must not forget His promises and His Word, that there is a time coming when every knee shall bow before Him and acknowledge Him to be the only living and true God. We all pray for them, and we know that you pray for them, that this land may be as a shining light ; and day by day our desire is that we may feel the need of a Saviour.”

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### Calcutta.

BELLAH, one of the native teachers, writes : “I was brought up in the Central School under the training of Cockle, and have attained, through God’s blessing, a tolerable knowledge of English and Bengali. I am not an orphan, and am married to a respectable young man, a preacher of the Gospel.

“Our income is not quite adequate for our support, on which account I was obliged to seek the help of Miss Brittan, who granted me a situation to teach in the Hindu zenanas in Bengali and English. I thank Miss Brittan also for opening for our wel-



fare a Bible-class, and I pray to God to crown her with blessings for the indefatigable diligence with which she works for the good of the benighted zenanas. A number of years before, the doors of zenanas were closed against instruction of any description, but now they are opened wide for it, and for the Bible too. Pray for these zenanas, the worshipers of idols, that they may soon learn to know the true God."

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### **BURMAH—Maulmain.**

MISS STETSON writes of Miss Haswell's mission :

"The school is prospering under Miss Haswell's faithful supervision. There are eighty-three boarding pupils, and others wish to come. There is quite a religious interest among the girls at the present time, which is very cheering. A number have recently experienced hope in Christ, and others are feeling deeply. I wish those at home could look in upon these dear Burman girls and hear them sing our sweet, familiar hymns in their own language. It reminds me of the time when, gathered from every nation and clime, the redeemed shall join in one song of praise 'to the Lamb that was slain.'

"The school-building is very attractive, and the scenery about Maulmain renders it still more pleasant. Back of our compound rise verdure-clad hills, which seem constantly tempting us to take a stroll. Oh, that the time may soon come when these poor deluded mortals will look to the true God ! There are many trials to be met in the guidance and training of these young girls. But God says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee ;' and we can only look up for strength."

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AN English correspondent states that the American Baptist Mission in Burmah has 20,000 converts, 19,000 of whom are Karens.

## Home Department.

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### A Burial on the Himalayas—Miss Seelye.

THE announcement was made some weeks since of the sudden death of Miss Seelye, M.D., connected with the American Mission Home in Calcutta. The following account of her lonely burial among the high mountains of India is from a letter written by Edward Warren Clark, late Professor of Chemistry in the Imperial University of Japan. Having completed his three years' contract with that Government, he is on his way home ; and while in India had the melancholy privilege of paying this last tribute of respect to the lamented Miss Seelye :

“ MUSSOORIE, AMONG THE HIMALAYAS, *June 10th, 1875.*

“ I have just come in from the open grave of Miss Seelye, who was buried a few moments ago in the cemetery on the hillside, close by here. You may probably have heard of her death, from typhoid fever, ere this reaches you. It was a very sad sight, in this delightful region on the Himalaya slopes, to see the mournful little procession, which, just as the sun was rising this morning, wound its way along the narrow path leading to the lonely cemetery, which bordered the edge of a deep ravine. There was scarcely a dozen of us in all ; first in the line was the bier, covered with black velvet and decked with flowers, carried upon the shoulders of four Hindus ; then came a few swinging ‘ chairs ’ born by coolies, with four of the ladies who were Miss Seelye’s associates in Calcutta, and the Rev. Mr. Ross, and finally, Rev. Mr. Calderwood, a missionary at Saharunpore, and myself.

“ Arriving at the grave, the coffin was immediately lowered into the narrow casement of white cement which had been prepared for it ; as it lay there, a short service was held, conducted by Rev. Mr. Parsons, at whose residence the deceased breathed her last. ,

"Then slabs of slate were placed over the coffin, the grave was filled, and we turned away. The cemetery faces a broad mountain slope of thickly-wooded ravines, behind which is seen the pure white peaks of the 'snowy range;' and here seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, is Miss Seelye's last resting-place.

"Three weeks ago, when the ladies chatted so pleasantly around the table of the 'Mission Home' in Calcutta, as to the prospects of a trip to Mussoorie, to escape the excessive heat, it was little thought that *such* an event as this would sadden the hearts of many here and at home.

"I sat next to Miss Seelye at the table on the afternoon when five of the ladies were planning to start off together to the mountains, where I hoped to rejoin them all in safety in a short time; but the next time that we were all to meet was destined to be under the sorrowful circumstances I have just described.

"When Miss Seelye left Calcutta, she was not feeling well, so they told me; and when I followed the ladies a week later, Gen. and Mrs. Litchfield, Miss Brittan, and others sent many kind messages of solicitude, and also some articles for her comfort. The fever, which proved to be typhoid in its worst form, did not break out in full force till Miss Seelye had been at Mussoorie some days. From the time it got fairly hold of her system, there seemed to be little hope, although *everything* was done that could be done.

She had good medical skill at hand, excellent nursing, fresh mountain air, and all that kind attentions could afford, and yet the fever had its way, and she died yesterday morning at nine o'clock. She was delirious, of course, during much of the time, but became conscious a few hours ere she passed away. Once or twice she talked of her parents, and thought they were 'coming;' but, strange as is the providence, she lies *buried* ere *they* have the least intimation that she is not still alive and well."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

## Loving Words from a Co-Worker.

Our dear Miss Hook thus writes of Miss Seelye :

"It is with sad pleasure that one who loved her testifies to the beauty of her character. As a missionary of the Cross, she was an indefatigable, faithful, cheerful laborer. She had established for herself the rule never to leave a house in which her profession called her, without witnessing for the Master whom she served. He blessed her labors in a remarkable manner. As a friend, she was true and reliable. Her calm dignity commanded admiration, and all who had the opportunity of observing her daily walk and conversation, felt the purifying influence that a true, noble Christian woman must ever shed over all about her.

"In the 'Home' in Calcutta, her death has left a vacancy that it will be difficult to fill. Many sorrowing hearts, while mourning her loss, will feel that they are the better for having had her presence amongst them; and in their grief that an inscrutable Providence should so soon have removed her, can still give thanks that she was lent to them for a time.

"We tender our deepest sympathy to her sorrowing family. Theirs is no common loss; but let them never regret that she was led to a foreign shore. Her friends there watched her rapid growth in grace as she pursued her labors of love and mercy, and if it was a loving Father's purpose in that way to fit her to wear the Heavenly Crown, and to give her many heathen souls as stars in its adorning, should we repine?"

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## Testimony from India.

(Communicated by Philadelphia Branch.)

THE American Consul-General in Calcutta, Mr. A. C. Litchfield, again gives his heartfelt testimony to the devoted character of our departed medical missionary. "I did not think that the death of a single missionary could produce such profound and such general sorrow. But Miss Seelye had, by her quiet, lady-like demeanor,

disarmed all criticism. Her life, since our special meetings commenced, one year ago, had been one constant labor of love. Her whole nervous system seemed to be in most active exercise in this work, and I fear this was a sort of inspiration that led her to fail to consult her actual physical strength as she ought to have done. However, her work seemed to have been a finished work—her success quite complete. The tribute she paid, by her noble conduct, and her quiet, gentle deportment in her profession, to her sex, should make her memory fragrant to all who have at heart the best interests of womankind. Prejudice has yielded here, and would ever yield to such modesty and such worth. The gentlemen of the medical profession are among the first to speak her praise. As her life was a triumph, so was her death.”

In writing to another, Mr. L. says :

“I discovered in her character those noble traits of true womanhood which have called forth universal admiration, and I had the pleasure of watching their development into a higher and broader plain of usefulness. Much of her self-denying toil that was unknown to many I was familiar with. Her piety was a deep, quiet, all-pervading, all-controlling principle of life, thought, and action, and her labor of love brought to her soul a sweet reward in the richness of a genuine Christian experience. Firm in her own convictions, and positive in her expression of them, she was nevertheless most charitable towards others. As an American lady, I was proud of her—as a true Christian woman, I respected and admired her, while as a friend, associate, and helper, I held her in most affectionate esteem. In this city a very large circle of friends will regret her loss, but more than anywhere else will she be missed in the families of the needy poor, to whom she seemed to feel that she had a special mission.”

A German physician writes of her: “She had a great task to fulfil, in this life, the task of proving that woman can be learned and enlightened, and yet humble and modest; and she has, by the exemplary mode of her life, shown that this is more than possible. In this wretched world of general egotism, she went about disinterested, noble-minded, with a heart full of sympathy for the



suffering. Alas, for the consoling smile which is gone forever; for that cheery voice which is to be heard amongst us no more."

Miss Brittan says: "To tell you of our anguish is impossible. If prayers could have saved her, she would have been saved, for daily multitudes prayed for her in church and at home. It is hard for me to write. I feel as if the blow had completely stunned me. We needed her. Oh! we needed her so much, I could not feel that God would take her."

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We regret to announce the death, at Mussoorie, of Miss Seelye, M. D., who was for some time connected with the American Mission Home, in this city. Miss Seelye's character and personal worth endeared her to a large circle of friends. By her modest and quiet demeanor in the prosecution of the duties of her profession, she disarmed all criticism, and her high moral excellencies and pure Christian character endeared her to a still larger circle. She is a loss to Calcutta, and an irreparable loss to the American Women's Union Mission. There could not be a woman more devoted to her work, or more strictly conscientious in it.—*Indian Times*.

We sincerely regret to read, in a morning contemporary, the announcement of the death of Miss Seelye, M. D., at Mussoorie. Miss Seelye, it will be remembered by many of our readers, was the lady Doctor, who came out to this country about four years ago, in connection with the American Mission Home in Calcutta. Miss Seelye, in virtue of her profession and sex, found the freest access into a great many Hindu households, where she was most warmly esteemed. The simplicity and affability of her manners made her most deservedly popular, and a very large number of Hindu ladies in Calcutta will miss her kind, good-natured face in the days of suffering. Though Miss Seelye belonged to a profession somewhat unsuited to her sex, on account of its peculiar necessities, she was one of the most modest and retiring of women. She was an honor to her profession and to her religion. May many like her come out to represent the humanity and enlightenment of America in this country.—*Indian Mirror* (native paper).

## Cruelty of Custom.

FROM an Indian paper we extract the following :

During the incumbency of Sir Cecil Beadon an attempt was made to regulate the practice of taking sick people to the river side to die, but nothing was done then, as the Government of India and the Secretary of State did not consider any interference in this matter necessary, although the more advanced section of the native community threw their opinion into the scale with the Lieutenant-Governor. That some regulations are absolutely necessary will be seen from these facts : "On Thursday before last, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, a procession was observed passing through a station not far from Calcutta, accompanied by the usual din and noise. At the head of the procession was a man of about six feet high, carried on a litter four feet long, in much the same way as the bed of Procrustes in the olden time was made to accommodate its victims of any stature. At first the occupant of the stretcher was taken for a corpse, but on closer examination, it was discovered to be a human being in the last stage of physical prostration. The head was dangling over one end of the stretcher, and the face exposed to the full glare of the sun, which the dying man attempted to keep off by shading it with his right hand. This was observed by his son in the crowd, who opened an umbrella and held it over him. The procession stopped at a ghat opposite the public library, and the stretcher with its ghastly burden was laid on the ground. The sick man expressed a wish for something to drink, and a cup of milk was held to his lips ; he then had a smoke, and conversed freely in the meanwhile with his friends who had followed him. A miserable-looking and shabbily attired native, who was addressed as the *Koberaj Mohashai*, held the pulse of the sick man with a gravity of circumstance worthy of a disciple of Galen. To cut the matter short, the sick man was kept at the ghat till the Saturday following, and as he still persisted in disappointing his friends and relatives in their expectation of seeing him depart this life, he was removed to another ghat a little higher up the river, where he was kept for a

time immersed in water, with the head and a portion of the chest above it, till he expired in this position. The deceased was a man of the weaver caste and of some prospects. He had removed to this station some years back from Doud, where a portion of his family are still residing. Another ghat murder took place about two or three weeks ago. In this case the victim was a woman, the wife of a respectable shopkeeper."

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## Chinese Streets.

THE sights of a Chinese street are a marvelous mixture of incongruities, and everything appears crowded together as though people scarcely had room to move or breathe. The stores are ranged thickly on both sides, and resemble great booths or stalls, being entirely open in front, and having substantial counters and chairs and shelves. Their goods are ranged on the shelves around the three sides of the room, or else in show-cases, so that the passer-by may see at a glance all that the shop contains. Every store has its own little "god-house," or sacred tablet and inscription, in a prominent place high up on the wall, and before these, tapers are continually burning and incense is offered. Another little shrine, with tablet, to the "God of Wealth" is also placed at the entrance, and before this, tapers and joss-paper are burned each evening, just after the shutters are put up in front of the shop. By far the most striking effect in the street is caused by long sign-boards, which hang down from iron brackets, and are so thick that you can only see a short distance ahead. These boards are colored green, blue, and red, and are inscribed with heavy gilt letters; or the names are carved and the alternate characters are colored differently, so that with all its variety of hues the crowded causeway has a very gaudy appearance. The Canton streets are celebrated for their cleanliness, but of their odors on a warm day I will not speak. They are all paved with granite slabs, worn smooth and slippery by the tread of generations. These slabs are very long and about a foot wide, and they lie crosswise over the road. Directly under them are the sewers, which open up to the

air through the numerous crevices of the pavement. The atmosphere is not usually unpleasant, though, and there is always so much incense burning, so many fire-crackers exploding, such quantities of sandal-wood, spice, fruit, sugar-cane, and other odoriferous substances exposed for sale, that it takes a long time to discriminate between the scents that please and those that do not. It must be remembered, also, that most of the streets here—many of them main streets—are scarcely as wide as the sidewalk in front of an American's house; and if one can imagine miles of such lanes, intersected at irregular intervals by similar crooked and twisting cross-paths, an idea may be gained of what labyrinths Canton is made up. This system is utterly perplexing to a newcomer, and one could not possibly find one's way around without an experienced guide; for there are no parks or open spaces whence a general view of the situation may be obtained. Nothing can be seen above but a strip of sky between the projecting eaves of the houses; and even this opening is not unfrequently covered with boards or matting.—*Selected.*

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A MISSIONARY in Mongolia states that the natives "want one thing—medicine. That we should come thousands of miles to tell them of Christ, they cannot understand; but to give medicines and ask no money in return *is merit* they can appreciate. A man came for eye-medicine for his wife. The woman's eye was soon cured, and some time afterward the husband being attacked in a similar manner, applied the same medicine. For some days the pain increasing he was in a state of rage and fear, believing all the stories told of our cutting out eyes to be true. When his eye was cured he made presents of white food and is now my firm friend."

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THE little money-boxes of our juvenile friends in Baltimore, Charles and Katie Rogers, which they fill with their own hands, brought us in \$10.40!! God bless these little givers.

# Mission-Band Department.

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## The Children's Holiday.

KATASI, Japan, Aug. 2, 1875.—Shut up this rainy morning in a little Japanese house, with a group of restless, but playful children about me, it is not very easy to write; yet I think I must try and have some talk with a few of the dear little ones far away in America, who are so much interested in our Home and children. I can tell them how a part of our family are spending a portion of the vacation, and what there is here for little people to enjoy in a cheap and quiet way. I felt sorry for the nine children of our family who had no home to go to during our vacation, and so after a good deal of thought as to what we could do for them, I concluded to go somewhere off in the country, where they would have a change of air and scene. It was quite a difficult thing for me to do, for you know I cannot talk Japanese at all, and the people in the country know nothing of English. And besides, several of these children have not yet learned to speak or understand it either. However, I felt quite sure our dear Father would help me in thus trying to give pleasure to others, and He has done it wonderfully in so many ways since I came away from our Home that my heart is full of praise every hour. I find in trying to make others happy I had the largest share of blessing myself.

This place where we are staying is on the sea-shore, and right opposite, and connected by a long sandy beach or neck, washed up by the sea, is the sacred island of Inoshimer. That is a great place of resort in the Summer, for foreigners and pilgrims, who go in great crowds to visit the numerous shrines



in the island, and celebrated cave under it, where there are so many gods for them to worship that I could not attempt to count them. It would not be wise for us to be in such a public place, but here in this little village we have all the pleasure of the sea-shore and can walk over to the island whenever we desire. I wish I could give you a picture of this pretty little Japanese house. Not the outside, for that does not look very pretty with its unpainted and black boards, and heavy straw-thatched roof; but the inside part, which we occupy, is all new and clean, and so cunning, with its nice mats on the floor and white paper doors, which slide any way we like, and with which we can make our rooms large or small, just as we choose. Our rooms are built apart from the rest of the house, and all around them there is a small veranda. On this and upon the mats in the room, no one can step with their shoes on, and I really think there is nothing our children enjoy more than going about here barefooted. Is not that just like all children in hot weather? and do you wonder that these little ones are glad to do just what they always used to do before they came to our house, viz., run about barefooted and sleep on the mats? Well, it certainly is nice for a little while in such warm weather, but when we get back to our own home, it is not so good for those whom we hope will become intelligent young ladies, and help to teach their people to live a civilized life, like the ladies of Christian lands.

Yesterday we got a boat and went around the island of Inoshimer. It is just like an immense rock thrown up by some terrible earthquake out of the water. Its sides are all ragged and broken in a fearful way, and down near the bottom are numberless little caves. No one ventured to go in any of them but one, for the tide and the currents make it too dangerous; but in the large one, where the shrines for so many gods have been made, every one wants to go and see the wonderful place. I did not think it safe for our little ones to go in, and they were quite satisfied to do just what I thought

best. One day we got a boat and went along up the shore about three miles, to Kamahura, to see the great bronze idol of Diabutze. This is one of the largest and oldest idols in the world, and it is one of the places where every one who comes to Japan always desires to go. So you see our children can see a good deal that is very interesting, even in coming to this little country village. Every day they go down to the beach and bathe in the delightful surf that rolls in from the great Pacific ocean. The bathing is real fun and pleasure for them, and they have always been so accustomed to such things that it does not trouble them that there are no bath-houses and conveniences for undressing and dressing. I must say that for me it is *not* pleasant, though I try to make a tent of my umbrella beside the Imrikishi which we take to carry the two little ones and the bathing suits, for the sand is so deep that only the larger girls can manage to get through it, over the hills washed up all along the beach.

The old man who keeps this house is very fond of children, and always goes with us and takes care of the little ones, and sometimes when I see how happy he is with them around him, I think our coming here will make a brighter spot in his life, as well as theirs. A few days ago he fixed up some bamboo rods and took them all out to fish, and though like many wiser and older anglers, they came home with very few prizes, yet they were as much pleased as if their baskets were full. I am sure you would be glad to hear our little girls sing for these people, and I told them that is the very best way for them to be little missionaries here. They can sing some of our sweet hymns that have been translated into Japanese, and when I hear them singing in a language those about them can understand, "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven," "I am Jesus' Little Lamb," and so many hymns that tell the "sweet story" we love so well, I lift up my heart in secret prayer that in this way some seed may be sown in this dark place that will take root and bear some fruit for the glory of

God. In two days more we will go home again, and the rest of the vacation spend there, but I am sure these dear little girls will be better and happier for this visit, and I hope you will pray that the people who have heard them sing and seen them kneel every morning and evening to pray to the true God, will not forget, but desire to know more of our Home and the religion we teach there; for this is one of the ways in which we hope to send out streams of blessing that shall reach many corners of this land.

Ever your loving friend,

MARY PRUYN.

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## The Mocking-Bird.

[Written for the LINK.]

"MOTHER," said little Alice, "I wish—" and she hesitated and looked wistfully at her mother.

"Well, don't waste time in wishing," said Mrs. Stone, who was standing before a large tub full of clothes; "there are all the potatoes to be peeled for dinner."

Seeing a moment later that her little daughter looked very sober, even sad, over her work, she said kindly, "What were you wishing, Alice?"

"Something I can't ever have," said Alice. "I do want that five dollars so much, mother;" and two big tears sprang right up to the little girls eyes, leaped over the lids, and fell down the round cheeks.

"What five dollars?" asked Mrs. Stone.

"Why, I told you, mother; don't you know I told you last Sunday, that Miss Harwood asked us if each one in our class could raise five dollars, to pay for taking care of a little Hindu girl for a year, and teaching her about Jesus. It takes forty dollars, and there are eight of us in the class, so that would just make it. And—and—they can all do it but me."

"I am very sorry, my child," said her mother, "but I think that the Hindu girl is as likely to have five dollars herself as you are to have it for her. Why, it is half a month's rent. But I'm sorry, too; for Miss Harwood is a nice lady, and I'd like to please her."

"It was not to please her," said Alice softly, "it was to please Jesus. I do love Him, and I don't want them all to do something for Him, and not to help;" and then poor Alice broke out into such a hearty sobbing that Chip, her mocking-bird, that her sailor uncle had brought her from the South, and who never could hear a noise without joining in it, burst forth into a joyous song.

"Why, Alice, don't cry about it," said her mother. "The Lord don't expect you to give what you have not got. We haven't a thing in the house we could raise five dollars on except the furniture, unless it were little Chippee."

"Oh, mother, Mrs. Baker offered me five dollars for him!" exclaimed Alice.

"Oh, I don't mean to ask you to sell him. We would miss him too much; for there are many days when his song is all we have to cheer us. But you must not fret about the money. If the Lord meant us to send money to India, He would see that we had it to send."

Alice did not answer, but went to Chippee's cage, took him in her hand, laid her cheek on his soft, gray wing, and said, very lovingly, "Dear little Chip, I wonder if I could bear to let you go?" Something round and bright fell on the bird's feathers, and still lay shining there when Alice went to her mother, and almost in a whisper, said, "Would you let me give Chip to Mrs. Baker for five dollars?"

"Why, Alice, you could not spare him."

"I could for Jesus," said Alice, softly; "I have been thinking about it, and I think I could. Mrs. Baker will be good to him, and when I go to her house and hear him sing, then I'll know he's singing for Jesus."

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The next Sunday Alice slipped a five-dollar note into her teacher's hand, and when she asked her how she had raised it, she said: "I gave Chippee for it. Mother and I could not do much for Jesus, so we thought we would let Chippee sing for Him."

J. A. M.

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## A Sacrifice.

THE little children who form the "Fanny Meeker Band" keep up an enthusiastic interest in their charge. They are such little children, only the infant class of the Sabbath-school, that many of them make great sacrifices to bring money for the heathen child. A bright little boy of six years had set his heart on a tin cow which he had seen in the store window. It cost half a dollar. His mother had paid him thirty-five cents for having his first teeth drawn, and he had saved all his pennies until he had forty-seven. Just then the needs of little Ito, the Japanese child the Band supports, came home to him more strongly than usual, and he gathered up the precious money to take to Sabbath-school. "But," said his mother, "what will you do about the tin cow?" "I can't help it, mamma; *this must* go to that poor little girl."

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## What Kind of a Penny?

A GREAT many children are giving their pennies to God to help on His blessed kingdom. But are their pennies *tin* pennies, or *brass* pennies, or *iron* pennies, or *silver* pennies, or *gold* pennies? *Who ever heard of a TIN penny, or a GOLD penny?* Well, it is a *spirit* in which you give it that makes all the difference—which turns it into tin, or silver, or iron, or gold; that is, which makes it *worth* much or little in the sight of God. A *tin* penny is one given in a light, careless spirit.



Children think it is fun to drop their money into the missionary-box, and hear it rattle, and that's all. A *brass* penny is one given from a feeling of pride and a desire to have others know it. But the Lord Jesus loves the offerings of the "lowly heart," and He says we must "not let our left hand know what our right hand does." An *iron* penny is one given with a cold, don't-want-to spirit. Children feel they *have to* give, because others do; but there is no heart in the matter. That makes an iron penny. I am sure God does not love that.

Another is the *silver* penny. What kind is that? That is the penny which is given out of pity. Pity, I am sure, is good. Should we not pity the poor heathen who bows down to blocks of wood and stone? Should we not pity those who have no Sabbath-schools and no Saviour to guide them into sweet, heavenly paths? Indeed we should.

Yet the *golden* penny is better still, for that is given because we *love God*, so we *cannot help* giving. The love of Christ "constrains us," that is, *makes* us.

There are three ways by which we can tell a golden penny from the rest, and I am sure you want to know what they are.

First, let it be an *earned* penny, because you do not want to give God that which costs you nothing. Besides, if you *get* it easily, you will *forget* it easily.

The second mark is *regularity*. It is not given by fits and starts, but given constantly. It is not neglected or forgotten, but comes as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow.

The third mark is, that prayer will go before it, and prayer will follow after it. He or she who gives the golden penny will be sure to ask the Lord to take it and use it for His glory.

Which kind of a penny do you give, my dear child?—*Child's Paper*.

## MISSION BOXES.

[ We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:

[ From Miss Phœbe S. Smith, of the Chicago Branch, two albums, one scrap-book.  
Also, from Mrs. Parks' Seminary, New Brunswick, N. J., a box of fancy work.

## RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, from Aug. 1st to Oct. 1st, 1875.

## Branch Societies &amp; Mission Bands.

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Hatfield, Band "Real Folks," Miss  
Nellie Miller, Sec., per Mrs. Al-  
bert Woodruff.....\$21 00

## RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Baptist ladies, per Mrs.  
Cornelia E. Green, viz.: Mrs.  
Woods, 10, Mrs. George I. Chace,  
10, Mrs. Rogers, 5, Mrs. Pardon  
Miller, 1, Mrs. B. W. Persons, 1,  
Mrs. E. G. Robinson, 5, Miss Hail,  
5, Mrs. J. Humphreys, 1, Mrs.  
Peter Church, 1, Miss Smith, 2,  
Mrs. Chas. Jackson, 5, Mrs. Thos.  
Durfee, 5, Mrs. Ham, 1, Mrs. J. H.  
Shedd, 1, Mrs. Mary E. Fletcher,  
1, Mrs. F. Smith, 1, Mrs. Caswell,  
1, Mrs. A. Harkness, 1, Mrs. Dr.  
Ely, 1, Mrs. Mumford, 1, Mrs.  
Woodward, 1, Miss Bradford, 1,  
Mrs. Richardson, 1, Mrs. Caleb  
Farnum, 2, Mrs. Geo. L. Appleton  
(of Georgia), 5, Mrs. and Miss  
Green, 20.....\$89 00

## CONNECTICUT.

Redding, "Luann Band," per Miss  
Annie Wilson, for Bible-reader in  
India.....20 00  
Woodbury, "Woodbury Aux.," Miss  
E. S. Curtis, Sec.....30 00  
\$50 00

## NEW YORK.

Flushing, L. I., "Band of Faith," Mrs.  
A. C. Reed.....20 00  
"Missionary Link Band," Mrs. A.  
C. Reed, 5, Mrs. A. M. Prentiss, 1  
New York, Seventh Ave. Mission S. S.  
of Dr. Hall's church, per J. Paton,  
Esq., for "Shunderie".....100 00  
"United Effort" Mrs. R. W. Hurlbut 20 00  
Sherburne, "Willing Hearts," per  
Miss C. E. Pratt, for "Faith"....25 00

\$171 00

## NEW JERSEY.

Elizabeth, Elizabeth Branch, Mrs. E.  
K. Pardee, Treas., to complete  
support of two Bible-readers; of  
which 20 is a memorial of Dr. S.  
A. Clark.....27 95  
Millstone, Woman's Missionary So-  
ciety, per Mrs. E. T. Corwin, for  
India, and to constitute Miss  
ELLA SMITH, Weston, N. J., Life  
Member.....75 00  
Orange, Brick Church S. S., Mr. I. M.  
Taylor, Treas., for "MaryDwight,"  
50 gold, premium 8.31.....58 31

\$161 26

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Connellsville, Sab.-school of Metho-  
dist Church, per Mr. Thomas J.  
Finch, Treas., for child in Japan..40 00  
Philadelphia, Phila. Branch, Mrs. Chas.  
B. Keen, Treas., a draft upon  
Calcutta, for support of Miss  
Lathrop, in gold, 196, for Bible-  
reader in Calcutta, gold, 42.67....238 67  
For salary of Miss Guthrie, 117.25,  
from Miss Longstreth, for Bible-  
reader under Mrs. Bennett, 50....167 25

\$445 92

## OHIO.

Cincinnati, Cincinnati Branch, Mrs.  
M. M. White, Treas.....31 00  
Mrs. S. J. Broadwell and Mrs. W.  
H. Neff, for "Helen Neff".....40 00  
Springfield, Ohio Annual Conference  
of the Methodist Church, per Mr.  
C. H. Williams, Sec., for child in  
"Japan Eliza Brown".....40 00

\$111 00

## ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Chicago Branch, Mrs. O. F.  
Avery, Treas. (See items below.) 183 41  
A Friend of Missions, per Mrs.  
Avery, Treasurer of the Chicago  
Branch.....15 00

\$198 41

KENTUCKY.

Louisville, Kentucky Branch, Mrs. S. J. Look, Treas. (See items below.).....	\$79 30
Total from Branch Societies and Miss. Bands.....	\$1,326 89

**Other Contributions.**

CANADA.

Amherstburg, Miss L. McFarlane...	\$5 00
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VERMONT.

St. Albans, Mrs. J. Gregory Smith..	\$10 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Dedham, Mrs. Horatio Chickering, for "Chundra".....	\$80 00
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CONNECTICUT.

Old Lyme, Mrs. K. C. Tinker.....	\$1 00
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NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Mrs. R. L. Wyckoff, 5. Mrs. L. Greenleaf, 2.....	7 00
New York, Mrs. T. C. Doremus, for sales of Kardoo.....	6 75
Mrs. Wm. H. Munn, subscriber....	10 00
Proceeds of Fair held by Misses J. Sinclair Smith, Jennie E. Smith, and Ida E. Decker, to be sent for Miss Brittan's work, per Mrs. W. S. Mikels.....	80 00
Oswego, Mrs. S. A. Davis, per R. H. Ensign.....	28 00
Plattsburgh, Mrs. A. Williams, subs.	5 00
Sing Sing, Proceeds of Fair, by Laura Brown, Mamie Johnson, and their little friends.....	77 00
Syracuse, Miss M. Jackson, Collector for Yan Yung, Shanghai.....	27 00
	<u>\$190 75</u>

NEW JERSEY.

Allentown, Miss Mary E. Beatty, for Japan .....	10 00
Orange, Mrs. Edward Austen, for "Caroline Dupuy".....	60 00
	<u>\$70 00</u>

DELAWARE.

New Castle, Bequest of Mrs. Mary B. Couper, less inheritance tax, 25, and fees, 1.....	\$174 00
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MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Dr. and Mrs. I. R. Rogers, 24, Charles Stephen Rogers' Missionary Box, 6.86, Katie E. Rogers' Box, 3.54, all for "Katie Rogers," in Calcutta.....	\$34 40
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Georgetown, The Misses Read, 5, Mrs. Hoxton, 2.....	7 00
Washington, Miss N. W. Wright, for "Hope".....	5 00
	<u>\$12 00</u>

OHIO.

Mt. Pleasant, Mrs. Sarah E. Jenkins, for "O'Sono," in Japan, per Miss Kate Gardiner.....	\$100 00
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INDIANA.

Richardson, Mr. S. O. Cushing.....	\$1 00
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ILLINOIS.

Rockford, Mrs. R. W. Emerson, donation, per Miss Dora B. Robinson	\$100 00
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MICHIGAN.]

Jonesville, Mrs. E. O. Grosvenor, coll.....	3 50
Link Subscriptions.....	12 79
Total other contributions.....	\$1,064 44
Total from Branch Societies and Mission Bands.....	1,326 8
Total from Aug. 1st to Oct. 1st.....	2,391 33

MRS. J. E. JOHNSON, *Asst. Treas.*

*RECEIPTS of the Philadelphia Branch from Aug. 1st to Oct. 1st, 1875.*

Germantown "Auxiliary," through Mrs. Whitney, from the Afternoon Sunday-School, Christ Ch., Germantown.....	\$15 00
Six months' interest, from Harriet Holland estate.....	490 00

Through Miss M. A. Longstreth: Susan Longstreth, 10, Eliz Morris, 10, Mrs. Theo. Morris, 10, Mrs. Fred. W. Morris, 10, Mrs. Wm. H. Morris, 5, Anna Morris, 5, for Bible-reader under Miss Brittan;	
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M. A. Longstreth, for Bible-reader under Mrs. Bennett, 50, Anna Shipley, 2, Link, 50c., Pupils for Link, 2.50 .....	105 00	Miss A. Groesbeck, .5, Miss N. Mitchell, 5, Mrs. U. W. Keen, 5, Mrs. Schively, 1, S. S. School classes, 5.95, Miss Stille, 1.....	27 95
Through Miss M. A. Boardman: Mrs. Semple, to make Mrs. John Henry Sharpe a Life Member, 50, Mrs. W. Wilson, 50, Miss M. A. Boardman, 25, Miss M. Schott, 2, Miss M. Whelen, 1, Mrs. P. Walker, 1, Miss Lizzie Walker, 1, Miss M. Miller, 1, Link, 1.50, Sale of Tickets for "Life in India," Nov., '74, 18.....	150 50	Harriet Holland Band, Tenth Pres. Church, Miss M. G. Boardman, Treas.....	65 00
Band of Faith and Hope, Tenth Pres. Church, Miss Nellie Mitchell, Treas.: Miss M. Groesbeck, 5,		"H. A. Boardman Band," Miss Mary Bush, Treas.....	34 75
		Shippen Band, Miss Sallie Du Bois, Treas.....	33 00
		Collection in Tenth Pres. Church ...	10 00
		Mrs. Elliston Morris, Germantown...	5 00
			<u>\$936 20</u>

MRS. C. B. KEEN, *Treas.**RECEIPTS of Chicago Branch.*

Mrs. General Stager, quarterly payment for Bible-reader.. .....	\$20 00	A friend, for sup. of "Mary Grant"..	25 00
Mrs. B. F. Blackstone.....	5 00	Mrs. E. Buckingham, for "Martha," in Calcutta, \$50; for child in Seng Chow, \$50.....	100 00
Mrs. Frank Parmalee.....	1 00	Sales of Kardoo.....	2 25
Mrs. J. C. Partridge.....	2 00	Subscription for Link.....	1 16
Mrs. Wm. B. Topliff.....	1 00		<u>\$48 41</u>
Mrs. H. Humphrey, for Japan.....	5 00		
Mrs. Willing, for Link, etc.....	1 00		
Mrs. J. Forsyth.....	10 00		

MRS. O. F. AVERY, *Sec. and Treas.**RECEIPTS of Kentucky Branch, from April 1st to Oct. 1st, 1875.*

Lola Band, per Miss Helen M. Watts.....	\$30 75	per Mrs. H. M. Browne, Springfield, Ky.....	40 00
Meum et Tuum Band, per Miss Hunter and Miss Sue Sullivan.....	20 75	Wm. Bassett Memorial Band, per Mrs. W. B. Mourning.....	31 00
Mrs. Herrick, for "Little Widow's Home," per Mrs. Wm. Anderson.....	5 00	McCown Band, per Mrs. Rhorer, Pewee, Ky.....	7 00
"P. Caldwell Band," per Mrs. Wm. Anderson.....	25 00	Mrs. Joseph Butler.....	1 00
Olive Branch Band, per Mrs. M. E. Crutcher.....	21 00	From Fines.....	1 25
Samuel Albert Miller Memorial, per Mrs. S. A. Miller.....	20 00	Sale of Kardoo.....	0 75
Carrie Leonard Memorial Band, per Miss Florence Applegate.....	25 00	Sale of Pictures.....	3 55
Hindoo's Friend Band, per Mrs. Nannie Riley.....	25 00	Ten Link subscriptions.....	5 65
The two Bands above unite in constituting REV. JOHN H. LINN Life Member.			<u>\$304 95</u>
Col. Samuel McKee Memorial Band, per Mrs. Samuel McKee, Danville, Ky.....	22 25	Less expenses:	
E. T. Perkins Band, per Mrs. Dexter Hewitt.....	20 00	Expressage on Reports.....	\$2.25
Barnes Band, for Mittie Green, Dehra,		Postage to Secretary.....	3.35
		Printing Cards.....	2.50
			<u>8 10</u>
			<u>\$296 85</u>

Of the above \$217.55 were acknowledged in Sept. Link without items.

MRS. SAMUEL J. LOOK, *Treas.*





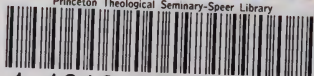




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